

Loyalty

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Summary: Everybody deserves a second chance. At least that's what Emmy O'Neill used to think before her run away punk sister returns unexpectedly with the news of her engagement and expects Emmy to be her maid of honor. Now Emmy must learn to forgive and stay loyal to her sister even if she was never loyal to her.

Loyalty

****Hey guys! So I wasn't quite sure what you'd categorize this as, so I went with Bible because it's a fictional story with lots of Christian themes in it. Anyway, I hope you all enjoy!****

The first time Delara and I played brides was twelve years ago when we yanked the white sheets off our beds much to Mom's dismay and walked down the at that point unpainted hall we pretended was the church aisle. Delara would even French braid our hair and wrap it into a bun we shoved pillow cases over to pretend were veils. Then Delara would hold me an arms length away and say to me, "Emmy, you and I are gonna be the world's most beautiful brides ever someday. Promise me we'll be each other's maids of honor."

Considering she was ten, and I was five, I actually believed her and held onto the fantasy until I reached middle school and realized that maybe I wasn't quite as glamorous as I thought.

Those were the good old days. I never thought we'd one day return to them.

Once Delara entered middle school, well, things changed between us. Five years never had made a difference before, but now I was just her kid sister and she was my moody pre teen sis. We weren't by any definitions close. By seventh grade, Delara was wrapped up in the wrong crowd dressing in all too revealing clothes and sneaking out to go to parties.

She'd ran away with her boyfriend her junior year of high school to

who knows where. That was the day I went from child everyone ignored to the problematic tween going to counseling every Thursday from the stress of trying to help my parents find Delara again. Mom and Dad searched everywhere, but Delara never turned up...

...until the day we received the phone call.

Delara called to yank out the stitches of the ever so slowly healing wounds she left. She spat out the words no sobbing mother ever wants to hear in her lifetime.

"I'm happier without you. I hate you. I'm so much better with Nick. He's shown me things, how to have fun, unlike you freaks."

I don't think mom or dad ever recovered from that call. The daughter they had tried so hard to raise to love the Lord and serve him had turned her back around and slept with a guy who looked like he could be a murderer. They tried to move on and act like I was their only daughter. I probably would have even enjoyed it had a nasty gash not been left in my heart from walking into the room we used to share and seeing only my bed now and longing for her to walk in just like old times.

She'd take one look at me and sigh a sigh that clearly meant I wish you'd scram, but I didn't care anymore. I missed that.

I try to move on. I really do. I'm better off without her. I have to be.

****#God's Not Dead!****

End
file.